

The **Quill**

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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NUMBER 1

At Deadline—R. L. P.	2
We Still Call Them NEWSpapers, But—Harm White	3
Post-Election Paragraphs on the Press—Bruce Bliven	4
I'm Tired of the Word "Censor"—Russell J. Hammargren	5
Story-Hunting Among the Scientists—Howard W. Blakeslee	6
Humor Flows From His Pen—Martin Sheridan	8
Speaking of Delineator—Oscar Graeve	10
Wanted—Honest Newspapers—Don T. Miller	11
Getting Out a Paper for Father Coughlin—E. Perrin Schwartz	12
Lines to the Lancers—J. Gunnar Back	15
The Book Beat	17
Had You Heard—Donald D. Hoover	19
Who—What—Where	21
As We View It	22

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

WE'VE just finished reading one of the most interesting books it has been our pleasure to get hold of in months—Miles Vaughn's "Covering the Far East."

During the nine years he served in the Orient as Far Eastern manager and correspondent for the *United Press* he had experiences galore, as you would expect. He relates these experiences in an easy-going style that sounds as if he might be talking after hours in the city room, weaving them into a background for the story of the exciting events that have taken place in China and Japan in the last decade.

Don't miss it!

THE volume, of course, is filled with interesting yarns. Since we're always looking for column material, particularly journalistic yarns, we're going to pass along a few of them to you.

One has to do with the late Will Rogers, and answers a question many scribes have asked.

"Will," narrates Vaughn, "had a grand time throughout his tour of the Orient. He saw everybody, rode in every airplane he could find, wise-cracked with generals and cabinet ministers, and put some very shrewd observations in the squib he cabled back daily to a syndicate of American newspapers. I had often wondered if he wrote the squib himself and asked him about it.

"Sure," he said. "I'm going to write one now. Come up to my room."

"I sat and watched him," Vaughn continues, "work for an hour. He chewed alternately on his tongue, the stub of a pen with which he was writing, and the ends of his tortoise shell spectacles; ran his hands through his hair, shuffled his feet, and walked around the table hitching up his trousers. Finally he exhibited two paragraphs of 50 words each, in dreadful penmanship, which we copied and took to the telegraph office."

ROGERS and Floyd Gibbons traveled over a part of Manchuria together, Vaughn relates, during which Rogers wrote a note concerning their experiences saying in part: "If I stay much longer with this fellow Gibbons,

[Concluded on page 23]



Harm White

We Still Call Them NEWSpapers, But—

By HARM WHITE

Account Executive,
The Carpenter Advertising Co., Cleveland, Ohio

STRICTLY speaking, we have few newspapers left in America today. We have the *New York Times*, the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Christian Science Monitor* and a few others.

We have daily advertising media chiefly. Advertising predominates in number of columns and pages. It predominates in revenue and so naturally predominates in management throughout, from editorial policy to even the minute details of circulation methods. Even your page 1 lead story is seldom news. It ceased to be news after it was broadcast. That means before the type was even set on really important events.

A generation or more ago, the chief function of newspapers was gathering and spreading news and careful preparation of daily editorials on current topics of the day. Now the original function has become the secondary function and ambitious young editors must recognize the fact.

The newspaper business is a good advertising business. If it were not,

advertisers would not be spending over \$550,000,000.00 a year in newspapers. As advertising has become more important through the years, the editorial end has steadily become less and less important. Not through any particular fault of the editors, but simply because newspapers became big advertising enterprises. Year by year the editorial department has been crowded down to less and less space because there has been more advertising. The primary function of the newspaper has become the secondary function. Subsequently the editor tries to substitute first-page sensationalism for the natural loss in editorial attention and confidence.

Shocking as it may sound to many good editors, there is greater public confidence in the advertising pages than in news or editorial pages of the average newspaper. If anyone doubts this, let him send out a questionnaire as advertising agencies frequently do. If he wants further proof, remind him of the recent presidential election in which over 62 per cent of the voters acted contrary to the news and editorial urgings of the overwhelming majority of newspapers. Did 62 per cent of the readers of even one newspaper ever act contrary to the urgings of the advertisers? No, because advertisers avoid taking sides on controversial public issues. They make fewer enemies.

The editorial department of the newspaper, on the other hand, cannot make friends without at the same time making enemies because of the outmoded method of partisan newspaper editing still in vogue. I mean the retention of the antiquated policy of flashing out factional or one-sided stories on too many important public issues.

But I hear somebody say, "We are just as human as anybody else. We have a right to our opinions and it is our duty to express them." Yes, but it is not your duty to conceal the viewpoint of the opposition. So long as most editors print their pet prejudices on social, religious and political matters, the influence of the press declines.

SCRIPPS-HOWARD papers demonstrated the finest solution to the problem during the last few weeks of the Presidential campaign. In opposite columns, equal space was devoted to both Republican and Democratic campaign arguments. Nothing could have been cleaner, finer or fairer in building up a restoration of public confidence. But when the election was over, this most advanced method of editing the news was dropped completely and not applied to any of the current issues of the day.

When Mussolini's General Franco came across the Mediterranean to invade Spain with his Moorish troops,

An Advertising Man Speaks Frankly of Newspapers

HERE'S an article on the newspapers of today, written by an advertising executive, which may make you mad; with which you may whole heartedly agree or violently disagree; which may make you cheer because of its outspoken frankness or bring a retort welling up within you—but, regardless of your reaction, you'll find it has something to say and pulls no punches. Its author, Harm White, account executive of the Carpenter Advertising Co., Cleveland, O., believes that newspapers have slipped while magazines have improved in editorial quality. A graduate of the school of Journalism at the University of Iowa in 1920—night editor for a year of the *Iowa City Daily Iowan* and winner of the Killian Award for the best treatise on the relationship between advertising and marketing—he owned and operated his own nationally recognized advertising agency from 1923 to 1930. He has planned, prepared and executed more than \$3,000,000 worth of advertising in newspapers, magazines and business papers during the last 16 years; frequently makes surveys to determine reader interest and trends in public opinion; is a member of Sigma Delta Chi and Delta Sigma Rho, and writes for business magazines.

newspapers advised us there was a civil war in Spain. Yet it was primarily a foreign invasion with over 90 per cent Moors, Foreign Legionnaires, Italians and Germans. Even the 200 families who control 92 per cent of the nonreligious wealth in Spain did not all unite in the rebel movement. Senor Domingo, President of the Republican Party of Spain, was neither quoted or interviewed to give the American people the established government's side of the story, if I am to believe his own words on his recent appearance in Cleveland. Furthermore, if American newspaper reporters of the last few months are to be believed, the present government of Spain is Communistic. Yet the election returns showed that only 15 Communists were elected in a Parliament of 472 representatives. Officials of the victorious Republican

Party—the Loyalists—deny the American newspaper stories of Spanish Communism and reported attacks on religion.

American people have a right to get both sides of the story. Too many publishers fail in their duty to give it to their readers. They surrender the right to be called newspapers. Newspapers, in fact, have a public obligation to give their readers not merely half truths, but all the facts, and opinions available from both factions, whether it is a war in Spain, an American election or a new tax law. Then they cannot be called propaganda sheets.

PUBLIC intelligence today is not nearly as low as many newspapermen seem to believe. Readers sense propaganda most acutely. Radio is enlightening the illiterate and raising

the intelligence standard of the masses tremendously. Broadcasting stations are not so sharply lined up right or left on politics. They permit both factions to tell their story on any public question. There is less propaganda on the air in that sense than in the newspapers. Hence the one-sided nature of much newspaper editing has been spotlighted more clearly by radio broadcasting methods. This has been one of the contributing factors to the loss of reader confidence.

Newspapers will continue primarily as advertising media, but they would be still better advertising media if they could even recover part of this lost public confidence. The only practical way, it seems, of restoring that confidence is by the adoption of a dual news report policy. When there is trouble between two nations, two local

[Concluded on page 16]

Post-Election Paragraphs on the Press

SINCE the recent election, a great many people have been saying that the American press has lost its influence. As to this the only sensible comment is that the death of the newspaper, like Mark Twain's, has been greatly exaggerated.

Estimates of the proportion of American papers that supported Gov. Landon vary widely, but careful figures suggest that it was around 60 per cent. Since Mr. Landon got roughly 40 per cent of the vote, on the surface it looks as though only about 20 per cent of the people disagreed with the advice of their favorite journals. That is not such a high percentage for a cantankerous, democratic population like ours.

The fact is that even the papers that opposed Mr. Roosevelt in their editorials, supported him in their news columns by telling what he had done. With a few exceptions, the important papers did a surprisingly good and impartial job of reporting the Administration.

It is quite true that the editorial page has declined in influence, but this has been going on for many years, and is far from being an unmixed evil. If people get the facts, they can write their own editorials.

HOWEVER good or bad the American press, it is now on the whole the freest in the entire world. The only other important country that approaches us in this respect is Great Britain, and we have just had a pain-

By **BRUCE BLIVEN**

Editor, the New Republic

ful example of self-censorship in the British Isles which left public opinion to face, unprepared, a sudden crisis of the greatest importance.

At the present moment, two-thirds of the world's population, about 1,400,000,000 people, live under complete and rigid censorship. They learn only what their rulers consider good for them. About two-ninths, or 450,000,000 people, have a fluctuating degree of freedom of the press, with strong and constant pressure from the government or from corrupt private interest. One-ninth, or about 225,000,000, have the degree of freedom that exists in Great Britain or in the United States.

Even in this country, of course, there are effective censorships of various kinds. Of these, by far the most effective is censorship through the audience—people who refuse to buy any paper that does not print the kind of thing they want to hear. This censorship is implicit, not explicit: the editors know what sort of readers they have, and select what will please them, by a process so automatic that it is usually unconscious. The theory that advertisers dictate the contents of newspapers is naive. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, there isn't any dictation, because publisher and advertiser are the same sort of people, and want the same kind of paper.

EXCEPT in case of war, there is less government censorship in this country than anywhere in the world. I wish American publishers who complain about pressure from Washington would go and take a look at conditions in Germany and Italy.

Dozens of schemes have been advanced for improving the American press, through papers owned by the government, or by private non-profit corporations, etc. For a long time to come, such plans must remain academic. The task of improving our newspapers is not one problem, but at least ten. We need, and are rapidly getting, higher quality among the men who make the press. We need less financial dependence on advertising, and more on the subscriber. We need a public trained to demand better newspapers, and to complain loudly and repeatedly at derelictions on the part of the press.

Meanwhile, we must recognize that at almost any moment, technological advance may come along and completely change our journalism and its problems. Day after tomorrow, we may be setting all our news flashes by radio printer, in the home, with supplementary national and international news prepared at a central place like New York and transmitted by radio photography to scattered printing plants throughout the country for simultaneous daily publication, and with the local papers publishing exclusively local news and advertising.

I'm Tired of the Word "Censor"



Russell J. Hammargren

By **RUSSELL J. HAMMARGREN**

Acting Head, Department of Journalism,
Butler University, Butler, Ind.

funny at the time has taken on almost nightmarish aspects of downright awfulness.

At the same university an editor challenged a perfectly legitimate rule of the institution, announced in the paper that he would violate it, wrote vitriolically on the front page when he was properly and summarily dismissed from school, and brought temporary rigid censorship down upon his publication. The rule he challenged is still in effect.

ARRIVING at a college to teach, I heard from the first student I met that a predecessor had been discharged through organized efforts on the part of influential students who had resented his "censoring" their publication. In attempting to grant that holy of holies, Freedom of the Press, the writer found his students writing columns in which they named girls who reputedly had sneaked out of the dormitory, girls who had to "stagger" up the steps after a dance, and a lot of similar tripe, most of which was far from the truth but which, in addition to its sheer nastiness, almost brought about an abolition of dancing for the student body.

Arriving on the campus of another university to teach journalism, I encountered first of all the query, "What do you think about gossip columns?" and the second query was, "Do you believe there should be censorship of the school paper?" After a little discussion it was revealed that in a previous

year a columnist had imputed looseness to a certain girl (in itself *per se* libel) who immediately complained justifiably to the dean. The "freedom" resulted in the dismissal of the column writer, a bad name for the whole paper, certain suspicion of the entire journalism program in the school.

WHAT does it all boil down to? Examples of this kind could be set down without end. We prate freedom and try to allow it "within the bounds of good taste," only to find time and again that it is hard to define good taste and that there is something merciless among high school and even college students which allows them to delight in hurting somebody else.

It is hard to make the Golden Rule something tangible to these persons. Theirs is the power of the press and the printed word. They probably would not walk up behind a defenseless girl and strike her a blow on the head just for a lark, but they can't get the similarity of putting down in type some malicious statement.

Believe it or not, this is a quip I deleted from a college paper: "(girl's name) in the days of short dresses was called piano-legs." The writer of this was a genius at that kind of cleverness.

We can't deny that students differ. I have known high school editors with mature judgment, and I have known many college editors with perfectly sane and rational minds who because they saw the necessary restrictions in

[Concluded on page 18]

PERHAPS I speak the thoughts of countless journalism teachers when I say that I am terribly weary of argument about student publication censorship.

There have been no nation-wide stories recently, but I know that students everywhere still grumble. I'd like to add my bit to some of the statements that have appeared in print on the subject.

AS a man recedes year by year from his own student writing days, the excitement and wrangling and bitterness occasioned by the dictum that "you can't print that" seem more and more pointless. Much, much better would it be for everyone concerned if all that nervous energy were utilized in study, in efforts to make a better school newspaper, or even in truckin', if that happens to be the dance students are doing at the moment.

Purely personal recollections: A group of high school students grumbled because the writer wouldn't let them write a column smacking of obscenity.

A parochial high school in the same city had a paper at the time supervised either by a near-sighted teacher or by someone unbelievably naive that carried a "dirt" column which never missed referring several times to drinking and necking.

A large university (in my student days) carried a very clever feature on the back-alley activities of the faculty gathered by assigned snoopers over a long period of time. What seemed

THERE is far too little censorship of campus publications, declares Russell J. Hammargren, acting head of the Department of Journalism at Butler University, Indianapolis, Ind., in the accompanying article which sets forth his reasons for reaching and maintaining such a position. His treatment of the problem should be of interest to every teacher and student of journalism.

Prof. Hammargren was graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1929. Although he had done almost everything to be done on a newspaper he passed up journalism to begin teaching in the high school at Wausau, Wis. Three years of newspaper work in the same city followed and then he returned to Minnesota for a master's degree. He resumed teaching, this time in the high school at Mankato, Minn. In 1935 he had charge of journalism and publications at Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Ind., leaving there to go to Butler.



Howard W. Blakeslee

Story-Hunting Among

By HOWARD W. BLAKESLEE

Associated Press Science Editor

Cattell, who is in the scientific publishing business, in the summertime issues the "Collecting Net" at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Mr. Cattell has also been doing some scientific research work at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole. He experimented with sea urchin eggs which created a sensation years ago when Loeb showed that they could be fertilized with a pin prick.

Mr. Cattell succeeded in fertilizing these eggs with an electric current. *Science Service* reported this work in an article carrying the headline:

"Live Wire Fathers Worms."

THE professors about whose work I write are sometimes critics of news style.

Dr. Edward Sampson, professor of geology at Princeton, was working on a method of using ultra-violet light to detect gold and silver which might otherwise escape attention in minerals. Mining claims which had been worked out could be shown by this invisible light to be still rich in ores extractable by up-to-date processes.

To lead off my story about this I wrote:

"Famous deserted mining towns of the West well might have delayed their doom if they had possessed the new ultra-violet apparatus to assay minerals."

Dr. Sampson looked over this lead.

"Not delayed," he said, "doom is inevitable."

THERE was the time I asked Dr. H. Ries, professor of geology at Cornell University, to write a by-lined article on geology for the *Associated Press*.

"We have been giving some radio talks up here," he said, "in which we were instructed to talk for 12-year-old intelligences. Now, if I write for the *Associated Press* can't I speak to the 13 year-olds?"

The answer was yes. It would have been equally yes had he asked to speak to 20-year-olds or the Supreme Court grade.

For in writing science news it is the subject-matter which counts. Seventeen and seventy year-olds like it equally well.

The news style of writing is making headway in scientific reporting. Ware

A headline which startled some of the medical scientists appeared in the *Globe-Democrat*, St. Louis, over a story I wrote during a meeting of the American Psychiatric Association. My story rated dementia praecox as about the worst type of mental trouble.

"Nuttiest Insanity," was the headline. It appeared only in an early edition. When I asked why the headline was modified in later editions I learned that it had slipped past the copy desk. Examples like this could be multiplied showing the care newspaper editors take with science.

DR. GILBERT N. LEWIS, professor of chemistry at the University of California, one of the foremost chemists of this generation, announced a new principle for research which he called "Identity."

This he described to a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences at Berkeley. I reported it. "Identity" is a method of determining properties of invisible atomic particles by finding out those respects in which they resemble each other and those in which they differ.

I found the story difficult, spent three hours writing it and then asked Dr. Lewis to read it and tell me whether it was correct.

Slowly and carefully he read, then he said:

"This is all right except the part about the sunset."

"But, Dr. Lewis, I didn't write anything at all about a sunset."

"Oh, yes, you did. It is true you did not use the word sunset. But all

this opening paragraph where you tell of the possible benefits to mankind and wonderful things that might be done—that is painting a sunset. It is not fair to the scientist to report him in that style."

I made the opening paragraph acceptable by rewriting it. But in a more conservative way it was still a "sunset." The fact is that news stories usually contain the "sunset" angle. Rightly so, perhaps, because one thing that all the editors say that all the readers want to know is "what good is it?"

FURTHERMORE, "sunsets" in the news may be useful to science. At State College, Pennsylvania, Dr. D. E. Haley discovered a method to eliminate one of the disease pests which had been costing the American poultry industry about \$1,000,000 annually. The pest was roundworms. He prevented it by feeding baby chicks tobacco of high nicotine content.

Incidentally the baby chicks so fed grew faster. Their rapid growth was temporary and had no value to the poultry industry. But I made a "sunset" lead out of this fact, writing:

"They are growing bigger and better baby chicks at Pennsylvania State College by feeding them tobacco of high nicotine content."

That made headlines in front pages everywhere. Editorials writers wrote about it, cartoonists drew pictures, and the newspaper poets wrote verses. Now before my story had appeared Dr. Haley had published his discovery in poultry journals.

But after the newspaper story the postman was loaded down with letters for Dr. Haley. Strange to say none of these letters came from poets, anti-tobacco leagues, advertisers, or S. P. C. A.'s. All of them were from poultrymen and scientists requesting more information about stopping the chicken pest.

SCIENTISTS have a lively apprehension of the attitude the reading public may take at reports of their work.

One summer a scientist in the Westinghouse Research Laboratories at East Pittsburgh was experimenting with some frogs. He left them in his laboratory on a Saturday afternoon

the Scientists » » »

for the week-end. Some of the frogs were ailing. These, the scientist placed in a separate box with food and water and set to one side of the laboratory. The other frogs he put in a separate box as far removed from the sick ones as possible. This second box he set on the sill of a window facing an inside court.

Returning Monday morning his first look was at the sick frogs. They were still all alive and doing pretty well. But over on the window sill every frog in the box was dead. A thorough medical examination revealed no cause for death. It was finally decided that the frogs might have been killed by a super sound wave. Such a wave had been generated late Saturday afternoon by the explosion, across the court from the frogs' window, of a flywheel which was under test to see how fast it would revolve before giving way.

The newspaper story about this received considerable publicity. Thereupon a reader who held some of the company's stock wrote to a Westinghouse director:

"If you have money to waste on frogs why don't you spend it for dividends?"

A. V. Hill, professor of physiology at University College, London, explained some of his worries to a group of us newspapermen covering the thirteenth international Physiological Congress in Boston.

"I received a letter," he said, "from a lady inquiring whether it was true that Professor So-and-So and I were making babies in laboratories.

"I replied that Professor So-and-So might be making babies in his laboratory but that I was not."

Perhaps that explains why the titles of scientific papers sometimes fail to make clear the points which writers consider news. At a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in St. Louis John C. Krantz of the University of Maryland read a paper under this title:

"Effect of chlorinated ethylene on the perfused leg of the frog."

This proved to be a treatment affording almost instantaneous relief for the pain of angina pectoris.

THE success of some science news stories appears to depend on how they are told.

A Cornell-Harvard astronomical expedition went to Arizona to obtain the ultra-violet spectra of stars. To facilitate this work in Arizona's clear atmosphere they had a new aluminum mirror made by Dr. R. C. Williams of Cornell.

When the results of the first half of the expedition's work were available I wrote story. I thought it would be interesting because this invisible light of the stars, at the blue end of the spectrum, gives information about their temperature and what they are made of not otherwise available. My story went into just about all of the telegraph editors' wastebaskets.

When the expedition finished I received the complete data. The only difference was that now the astrono-

mers had 100 star spectra instead of about two score. I didn't intend to try writing this story again but I said to myself that if any reader or editor had the opportunity to ascend an Arizona mountain at night and watch the astronomers with their aluminum mirror he would be fascinated.

"And even the patrons of a night club," I thought, "no matter how many drinks they had had would likewise be fascinated provided they could make the mountain top."

THE idea of a nightclub recalled the blues music then popular and gave me a clue. The ultra-violet spectrum of a star is literally its "blue rainbow."

"The blue rainbows of 100 stars have been seen by astronomers in Arizona," the story began. The rest of it was the same facts which had fallen so flat a few months previously.

With the "blue rainbow" lead this story made front pages all around.

It is always a problem to get a correct understanding of scientific facts into the minds of readers. One of the most thoroughly written stories in recent years was the making of the huge glass disc for the 200-inch telescope at the Corning Glass Works.

After it had been cast the wife of an astronomer who drove to Corning to look at the giant "eye" went into a Corning store to make a purchase.

"Have you been to the glass works?" the salesgirl asked.

"Not yet."

"Oh! You should go there. That is where they made the 200-inch horseshoe mirror."

NO learned professor is Howard W. Blakeslee, Science Editor of the Associated Press, but rather a seasoned and veteran newspaperman with a wealth of background for his present job. He became AP Science Editor after years of general news work in all sections of the United States. Born in New Dungeness, Wash., in 1880, Blakeslee started newspaper work on the Detroit Journal where he served as a special feature writer, sports writer and editor. He joined the Associated Press in New York City as a general assignment writer. One of his first assignments was to interview Peary, discoverer of the North Pole. To the young reporter, Peary was a genial, ruddy-faced knight, giving a first-hand view of the land of adventure. That meeting, Blakeslee said, was of even greater moment to him than some of his later experiences including being sniped at by Mexican irregulars during the Carranza wars or traveling hundreds of miles with the fast-moving Pershing when that now-famous military figure chased Villa into Mexico. Blakeslee served the Associated Press on many important assignments in New Orleans, Louisville, Atlanta, Dallas and Chicago before he became science editor. This post calls for a clear thinker, an interesting writer, a man who can talk with the great men of science and make their findings intelligible to the layman. Blakeslee, well-qualified, frequently devotes 18 hours a day to what he calls the most fascinating work in the newspaper field. Scientists everywhere proclaim the accuracy of his writing; millions of newspaper readers attest the clear, concise style in which he reveals the secrets discovered by research workers in the various sciences.

Humor Flows From His Pen—

Gluyas Williams Makes Thousands Chuckle With His Daily Cartoons

By MARTIN SHERIDAN

IN China they're chortles; in England—guffaws; in Africa—chuckles, but in this country it's a warm spasm that starts at the toes, shakes its way upward and detonates from the throat.

We're trying to describe what results when a person reads the humor of Gluyas Williams. Gluyas is pronounced "Glue-yas," being an old Cornish name.

That plaintive, agonized look . . . that sense of utter wrong . . . that mouth pursed up in hotly passionate query . . . they're all done with simple lines. And Gluyas Williams knows how to use one line where other artists need a dozen lines to produce the same effect.

HE was born 48 years ago in San Francisco. Educated in the East at Harvard, he was graduated in 1911. This ancient and dignified institution of learning did not dim his appreciation of the lighter side of life but instead fostered it, since it was the *Lampoon*, Harvard humorous publication, that carried his first drawings more than 25 years ago.

A year's study of art in Paris gave Williams the feel of the pen and brush and taught him to wear a smock gracefully. Upon returning to the United States he joined the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion* for two years, then switched to the art department where he was art editor until 1920.

At that time he began to do illustrations and he free-lanced cartoons to *Life*, *Collier's*, *Century*, the *New Yorker* and many other magazines. A series of his caricatures appeared in the *Boston Transcript* for several months.

FINDING free-lance work a rather uncertain way of earning an income to feed and clothe a wife and two children, Williams began a comic strip which appeared in the old *Boston Journal* for three months.

"It was a terrible job," he confesses with a smile, "and was so badly done that it didn't even have a title. At the same time the idea of a one-panel

drawing in pantomime form began to formulate in my mind. I did hundreds of drawing, trying not to be high-brow, but aiming at the suburban class which was then beginning to become an important factor in city life."

When he met Canby, Benet, and Morley, who were doing columns on the old *New York Evening Post*, they encouraged him to submit his drawings to a syndicate, which he finally did.

When Bell Syndicate offered him a contract, he accepted and began drawing "The World at Its Worst," "The

Family Album," "The Minute That Seems a Year," "Snapshots," and "Suburban Heights." Today his work is more or less consolidated under the general title of "Suburban Heights," an imaginary place just a few miles from a big city.

The *New York Post* is today a client newspaper, although it did not take on the strip at first due to some misunderstanding.

TALL, lean, blue-eyed and serious-faced, Gluyas Williams has been supplying the highest grade of amusement to an ever-growing public for 14 years. His is not the crude slap-stick humor of many comic artists, but a more subtle and penetrating thing that finds an echo in the lives of all who chuckle over his drawings.

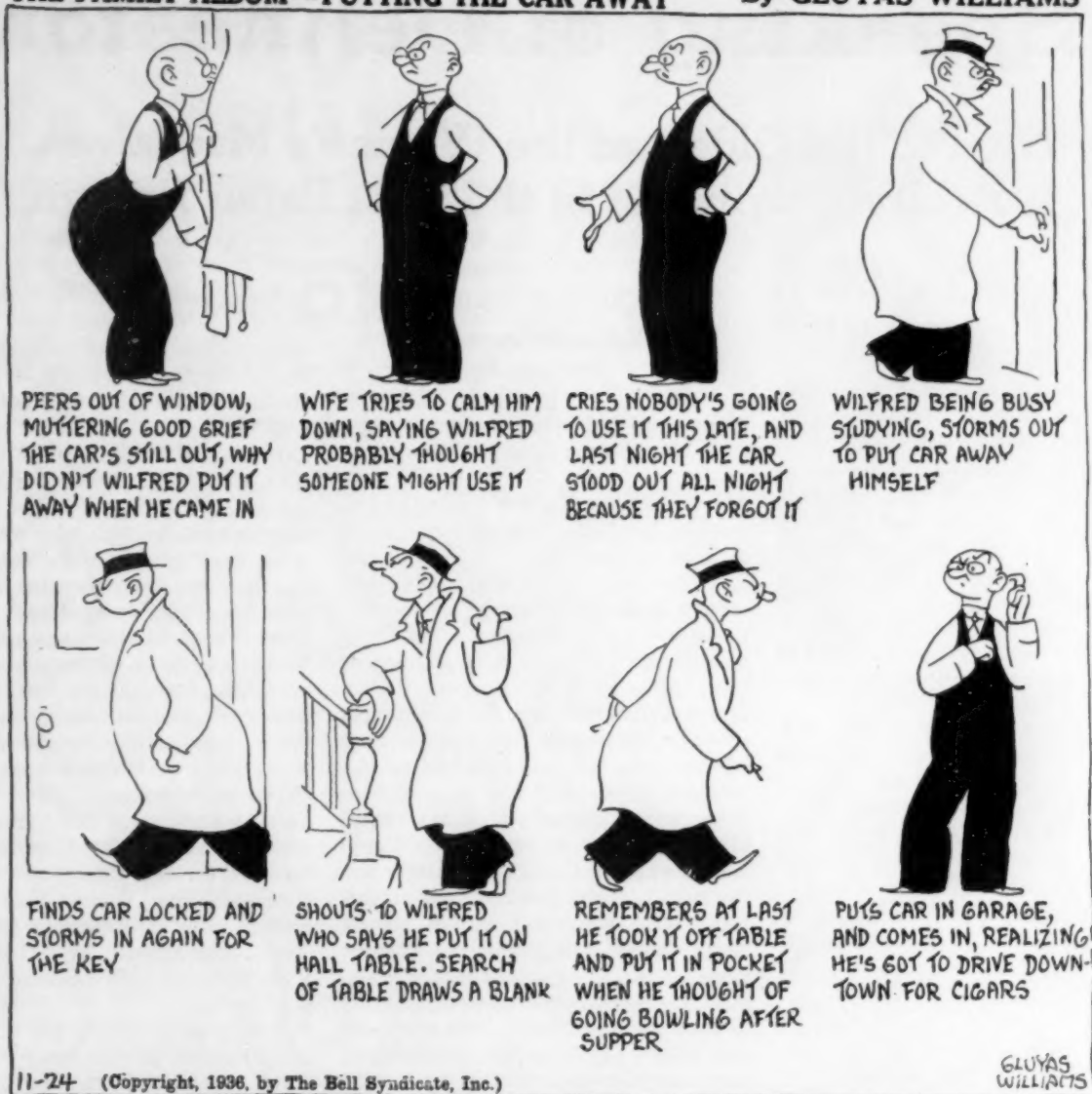
The doings on *Suburban Heights*, the trials and tribulations of the suburbanite and his family, symbolical of



Gluyas Williams

THE FAMILY ALBUM—PUTTING THE CAR AWAY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



millions of real people throughout the country, have universal appeal.

His unique and irresistible style—so simple yet moving—won rapid acceptance until today he is one of the foremost American humorists wielding the pen.

On the first attempt to see him in his studio on Boylston Street in downtown Boston, his door was found to be locked. The elevator operator said:

"You'll never find Mr. Williams in his office at this time of day. (It was 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon.) He comes in about 8:30 and always leaves before 1:00."

Several days later the writer cornered him in his studio where he had just finished the day's work and was preparing to remove his smock. An extremely modest man, Gluyas Williams tried to avoid the interview by suggesting:

"Surely you could find somebody more interesting than I to see in Bos-

ton. I'm notoriously bad copy, you know."

HE finally shrugged his shoulders and shook his head, as if admitting defeat, and we walked to the Tavern Club just across from historic Boston Common. There he admitted that there was no parental art ability in his family. His sister, however, Kate Carew, was widely-known as a caricaturist.

Williams finds drawing the cartoon more difficult than thinking out the ideas. He says that almost every act of a man, woman and child suggests a comic situation. His ideas center about such simple things as a man placing a piece of lead in his automatic pencil or going out at night to put the car in the garage only to find that it is already there.

His style of drawing a panel idea in pantomime with the captions below was the forerunner of the present day

trend of the one picture situation cartoon, found in almost every newspaper. The one picture cartoon was first popularized in magazines like the *New Yorker*, *Esquire*, *Collier's*, and *Saturday Evening Post*, not forgetting to include *Ballyhoo*, *Hokey* and others of their caliber.

His drawings are done very simply with little or no background. Facial expressions are one of his strongest mediums. They are penciled in very carefully, then inked in with a rapid stroke. Working four hours a day, it requires four days to do a week's releases. Although he has been constantly requested to draw a Sunday page, Williams has thus far been able to successfully evade that issue.

A typical example of his humor is the following autograph letter which was found in a Boston book shop.

"I'm glad to have somebody honor

[Concluded on page 20]

Speaking of Delineator

Next to the Oldest of the Women's Magazines,
It Really Originated in the First Paper Pattern

IT is the oldest but one of all the women's magazines in America and really originated in a paper pattern, the first paper pattern ever made. We're talking about *Delineator*.

The spring of 1863 was a turbulent one. The Union Army was besieging Vicksburg. In New York there were draft riots. But despite the Civil War, the little town of Sterling, Massachusetts, was tranquil. And there a woman making a gingham dress for her baby son sighed and said to her husband, "If we only had patterns to make our children's clothes, how much easier life would be."

Her husband thought it over and finally made some patterns. His name was Ebenezer Butterick. And a great many women seemed to welcome Mrs. Butterick's idea for the very next year, 1864, Mr. Butterick opened a sales office for his patterns in New York.

Also, he issued a little magazine to show his patterns. It was called with a quaint and grandiloquent flourish, "The Ladies' Quarterly Review of Broadway Fashions." But it did not prove adequate to satisfy the increasing demands of the ladies for patterns so, in 1868, the *Metropolitan Monthly* was brought forth and, in 1875, the

By OSCAR GRAEVE

Editor, *Delineator*

quarterly and the monthly were merged under the name of *Delineator*."

IN the 62 years since its birth, *Delineator* has had a notable history and notable editors. It is difficult to imagine the dour and hard-hitting author of "An American Tragedy" as the editor of a woman's magazine. Yet Theodore Dreiser was editor of *Delineator* from 1907 to 1910. Honoré Willie Morrow, famous now for her novels of American history, was a subsequent editor. And she was followed by the brilliant Mrs. William Brown Meloney, super-journalist, friend of presidents, and now editor of *This Week*.

In the day of Causes, *Delineator* led the way with its Better Homes Campaign which, for that matter, would be as timely today with the present urgent need of more and better housing. *Delineator* also raised \$100,000 to give Madame Curie her heart's desire which was a gram of radium to carry on her work in finding a cure for cancer. And the Child Rescue Campaign succeeded in placing for adoption 21,000 children. (Today we receive letters from some of these adopted children asking us if we can help them find their real parents.)

Although next to the oldest of women's magazines, *Delineator* has always been amazingly free of taboos and inhibitions. It has consistently reflected the changing tastes and standards of the modern woman and has been singularly indifferent to the criticisms of the rocking chair brigade. It was one of the first of the women's magazines—if not the first—to accept cigaret advertising. During the darkest days of prohibition it caused a storm of protest by questioning the value of prohibition. And it brought upon itself the wrath of the conservative by publishing a laudatory article about Margaret Sanger, advocate of Birth Control.

IN April, 1935, *Delineator* did another astonishing thing. It decided to aban-

don the mad struggle for the largest circulation claims and limit its circulation to women who really wanted it. It decided to have, not a large forced circulation, but a more moderate natural circulation. In order to emphasize this and really go only to women who wanted it, *Delineator* raised its price to 15c a copy, \$1.50 a year. In other words, women who want *Delineator* must pay more for it than they do, with one exception, for any other popular woman's magazine.

At the same time, editorially, *Delineator* decided to be more "different" than ever, more fearless, more highly keyed to the modern scene, the modern woman and her staccato mood. Everything in *Delineator*, it was decided, must be brief, brisk, concise. This is as true of the fiction as the articles. Long serials were abandoned for short serials running not more than three or four parts. Short stories have to pack their message in compact form. The articles, of which there is a great variety, often occupy only one page or less.

Today, as in the days of the "Quarterly Review of Broadway Fashions," style plays an important part, the most important, in the contents of *Delineator*. *Delineator* is the most popular style magazine in the world. But it is

[Concluded on page 21]



Mr. Graeve, editor of *Delineator*, is at the left, and Peter B. Kyne, fellow writer, at the right.

About the Author

DELINEATOR'S story, as penned by the magazine's editor, is added this month to The Quill's series which has told and is telling the histories, aims, accomplishments and personnel of the nation's leading periodicals.

Of Editor Graeve we cannot tell you so much. An extremely modest individual, he shies from personal publicity. He has been connected with magazines in one capacity or another most of his life. He has done everything from filling inkwells to editing.

During his career he has been associated with Collier's, Harper's Bazaar, Cosmopolitan, and, for the last seven years, with *Delineator* as its editor. He has written an imposing array of short stories which have appeared in nearly all the leading magazines and rare is the anthology of "Best Short Stories" that does not include one or more of his stories.

Wanted—Honest Newspapers

By DON T. MILLER

YOU'VE had the reactions of a nationally known Washington correspondent to the recent election as it concerns the press of the nation. Now THE QUILL brings you the comment of a man who has spent 10 years in the small-town newspaper field in the State of Washington. Don T. Miller, who wrote the article, has served as farm editor of the Wenatchee Fruit Grower, as N. C. W. editor of the Wenatchee Daily World and for the last six years as editorial writer for the Okanogan Independent.



Don T. Miller

REGARDLESS of his own political views, any intelligent newspaperman must see in the last general election a sweeping indictment of American newspapers. President Roosevelt enjoyed the opposition of the majority of the newspapers, big and little, in the country outside the deep South, and the term "enjoyed" is used advisedly, for shrewd politicians have come to make capital of the fact that they are "opposed by the newspapers."

Why is it that this great Fourth Estate should have reached such a "low" in influence? That is a question which every publisher and every cub reporter, and all the grades of journalists between, should ponder deeply these days.

And it doesn't require a great deal of intelligence to answer it. Of course there are factors such as the radio, the newsreel and the advanced transportation and communication systems of the day. But the great fundamental cause for the decline of newspaper influence is the attitude of the average newspaper publisher toward the news.

NEWSPAPERS in general have lost their influence because so many of the bigger papers and not a few of the smaller ones are neither intellectually honest in their editorial columns nor fundamentally honest in their presentation of the news. They are too often radically reactionary, if such an expression can be used, and they have been guilty of such perversion of news that the expression so often heard, "You can't believe anything in the newspapers," has considerable actual fact behind it.

Without being too specific, there are several newspapers in the sparsely populated western state which is my home which fit the national formula exactly. One is a Hearst paper. There hasn't been an uncolored news story on its front page dealing with the national administration for at least three years. Its headlines are just condensed editorials, and its editorials themselves make use of every trick known to journalism to put into a bad light the party and officials against whom it raves.

Another is an independent daily which once rated among the nation's finest papers for general excellence. While not guilty of editorializing its news as does the Hearst sheet, it is much inclined to "play" the news in accordance with its political and economic opinions. A certain amount of this sort of thing will be tolerated by the public without too much criticism, but when it becomes apparent to the layman that news is being played up or down for editorial effect the influence of the newspaper suffers.

THIS particular newspaper has, in common with many another, a "consistent" editorial attitude. It is Republican in its politics and its economics, but it carries its favoritism to the point of making itself ridiculous. Because a great federal PWA project is under way in its own "back yard" and this project has poured millions of dollars into its city, this paper is highly in favor of spending the taxpayers hard-earned cash on that particular job. But it ceaselessly lambasts dozens of lesser projects throughout the country as useless boondoggling.

Time reported that a big Chicago newspaper went through almost a week in the heat of the recent campaign without mentioning one of the major party candidates for president on its front page. In fact it mentioned him but once at all, and that a slighting reference on page 13.

If that publisher, and his brethren of Chicago, didn't feel pretty cheap when the votes were counted and their town went overwhelmingly for the candidate they'd either ignored or berated they must have skins like elephants.

I see no reason at all why the newspapers of today, with their great circulations and their magnificent facilities for getting the news and circulating it, cannot again become powers which every politician will fear and respect. They have every advantage. All they have to do is adopt a policy of honest treatment of the news.

GIVE the reader a paper in which he has confidence and you give him at the same time a paper whose editorial views will make a favorable impression upon him.

I believe that today few big papers possess that confidence. Of course there are some outstanding exceptions, and high among them I would list the *New York Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor*, but in the main the papers in which readers have the greatest confidence today are the small-town weeklies.

Nor are all of these free from the faults I have been criticizing in the big dailies. Some of their editors are incompetent old fossils who haven't accepted a new idea since they reluctantly admitted typesetting machines to their shops.

But many of them are progressive—sometimes the only real progressives in their towns—and honest. They present their news in a clear and unbiased manner and their sheets are held up as authorities.

I know one such paper in a county of 20,000 which can carry the county two to one on almost any question. Two years ago, in the face of a vigorous campaign throughout the state by powerful organizations, it brought

[Concluded on page 20]

aper
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review



—Wide World Photo

The Rev. Fr. Chas. E. Coughlin, Royal Oak radio pastor and editor-in-chief of Social Justice, right, outlines a bit of policy with the managing editor, E. Perrin Schwartz. Coming to his assignment as Father Coughlin's editor from an "apprenticeship" in three professions, Schwartz declares that there is no day which does not draw upon his experience in all three of them.

what orders he had for the paper and he said something like: "Sixteen pages, sixteen principles—go on from there!" It wasn't quite so simple as all that, of course, but it gives you an idea of "the boss." The opportunity was, in newsroom parlance, a newspaperman's "dream of heaven": the free hand, no advertising, and no undercover commitments to any in-

terest. It was simply an honest, straightforward newspaper assignment to get out a people's newspaper that should be at every turn a FREE press—the voice of social justice!

While not the creature of, not even the official organ, of the National Union for Social Justice, our only excuse for being was to publicize a program of Christian social justice in America

to which that organization was at the time also committed. Without an advertising revenue, it was patent that we should have to pay all bills out of our returns from subscriptions and bulk sales. This, too, has been done.

SOCIAL JUSTICE has grown to a lusty young magazinehood in its first year. Nearly a million buyers—to be

n's Dream of Heaven!"

story of Father Charles E. Coughlin's weekly review, a year has mushroomed to a circulation of more than 1,000,000. Editor of Social Justice, who terms his post "A Newspaperman's Dream of Heaven!"

al Justice a wide newspaper experience including 16 years as managing editor of the Milwaukee Journal. This experience is reflected in the double-page layouts and typographical display that are both attractive and easy to read. In appearance the magazine is the best.

Journalism, he played character parts in a stock com-
reut in the horse and buggy days of the early 1900's.
hart, Ind. In between theatrical engagements he read
about three years. His first newspaper work was done
paper connection was with the Fort Wayne Journal-
with the Elkhart Progressive Democrat, the Lansing
s (Mich.) press. Then began his 16 years with the Mil-
with the Chicago Daily News. He is an authority on
esent "boss," intensely interested in his job with Social
past the million mark.



Here is a typical double-page spread from Social Justice, illustrating its attractive makeup.

accurate 900,000—order it every week. How many readers is anybody's guess. What IS an honest estimate of the number of readers per purchase, according to ABC these days? Especially, since in our case no copy of *Social Justice* ever got out of date! One of our papers three months old is brand new, if you haven't seen it before. Except in a few cases where we have attempted to comment on current events, we do not concern ourselves with the daily news developments. It is nearly always with fateful result when we do attempt it, since the inexorable deadline falls a week before the sales day.

A copy of any recent number is hardly recognizable alongside one of those "essay collections" which our early efforts were. With 16 principles of social justice for a stylebook, we have sought to make the infant *Social Justice* a weekly review, interpreting the world scene against the background of those important principles and telling, whenever we can, the story behind the story that the daily news services report.

The handicap of the busy daily newsroom, of course, is that it must deal with such a superficial sector of the changing scene. The LAST thing to happen becomes of so much more moment than WHY it happened. This "why" of news is left to the by-line writers and to the Sunday supplements—all of which, it seems to me, ought to be much better than they now are.

If I may digress to voice a purely personal observation, it is that our young college journalists, with their background of history, sociology and the philosophy of newspapering, ought—within this immediate generation—to make a distinct contribution to the Sunday departments of our newspapers. The exchange table of any newspaper in America will disclose the need, not necessarily for a lot of new Sunday editors, but certainly for a new interest in his Sunday paper on the part of every publisher in the land!

HAVING come into my own editorial opportunity from many years in the best Sunday departments of the country, I have only made *Social Justice* a good live Sunday supplement. And 900,000 buyers have written a million letters to tell us it is just what they were waiting for. In other words, they were willing to pay 5 cents for the supplement, without the main news section, sports, comics, want ads and all the other departments of the modern Sunday newspaper!

And speaking of letters, we are justifiably proud of our reader contact. No newspaper or magazine of my encountering has anywhere near the editorial mail that at times smothered our busy little staff at *Social Justice*. A sack a day, sometime more, and most of it letters from readers! Our "people's voice," a page which we call "The People Speak," has been a regular feature since our first edition. Virtually every letter published expresses the sentiment of 10 to 50, sometimes a hundred others, saying the same thing.

I am a sentimental old "cuss," but discounting all that, I am still profoundly moved at the receipt of letters so earnestly voiced and laboriously penned by unaccustomed hands. I can see these letters being built—spelled out by the dim light of a kitchen lantern by some toil worn farmer, while mother sits by with her mending—and amending comment—to pour out their simple tale about the farmer's plight and voice the hope that the farm people of America have put in Father Coughlin and his paper and his program. The same goes for the city laborer, though he is less prone to write to the editor. Often, too, we find him bitter. He has been too close to the disillusion of the opportunist metropolitan press and he doesn't believe there is a Santa Claus. Then too, I am moved by an important change, especially as it affects the whole "Coughlin controversy," the quality and standing of these who write approvingly mounts daily as the quality of the critics deteriorates. These things cheer an editor; they make newspapering less futile.

ASSURED by our public that we are giving them essentially what they're willing to pay for, our hard-working little crew on *Social Justice* plugs along; one week crowding closely on the heels of another, so that the bottom of the mss. bin is scraped again and again. Often it is not possible to announce with confidence the contents of the next issue because it is not yet in the shop. We know many things have been assigned and are in preparation and will be along in time, but they are not in at press time for the preceding issue. What periodical editor, I ask you, can ever sleep under those conditions?

Social Justice welcomes contributions, especially from younger readers. But from them we want honest youth reactions. Too many youngsters want to voice weighty observations about grave matters—commu-

nism, economics and world affairs—subjects, often, about which only long living can give one's opinion value.

One of the best things we've ever run, I think, was a series we called "The Mistake in the West." A successful eastern manufacturer, who had been a cattle rancher in his younger days in the Old West, told the whole "story behind the story" of how the railroads settled the plains in order to have customers along those lonesome transcontinental lines. In order to help the railroads' game, our government sent agricultural agents through the country teaching "dry farming" to entice settlers into the west. Dry land farming of the cattle plains failed, but not before a second set of gullibles had been encouraged to take the foreclosed farms off the bankers' hands. Naturally, no commercial magazine or newspaper could touch this sort of thing. Its publication in *Social Justice* has been widely quoted—my latest comment coming the other day from an editor in New Zealand!

And speaking of New Zealand, the writer carries in his pocket a personal letter from Natal, South Africa, which reads: "I have just read in the *New Era* of Australia, which reaches me regularly, that you are getting out a newspaper called *Social Justice*." From Natal, to Melbourne, to Royal Oak—is that a triple play! Frequent, almost weekly, letters come also to the editorial desk from England, Italy, Canada, Ireland, and not a few from India, as news of a "social justice program for America" gets around. Members of the Great British Commonwealth of Nations have long been concerned with many problems of social justice, which still are news to half of America.

EVER since our first edition, we've had a page of interpretative foreign comment. Nothing any more mysterious or difficult than the telegraph desk of the better newspapers prepares for the Sunday edition, but it is received with acclaim in those vast reaches of this country where the best newspapers do not go.

We started the infant *Social Justice* with the contributions of a staff of specialists on such subjects as the money "racket" of the international bankers, a keynote in many ways to the whole social justice program; on farming, labor, youth, women's interests, etc., etc. In order that these might not weigh us down too solidly there was introduced also lighter comment on the news of the day—at Wash-

[Concluded on page 16]

By J. GUNNAR BACK

IN the Spring, 1936, issue of the *Prairie Schooner*, a quarterly published in Lincoln, Neb., there appeared a poem by W. H. Gerry from California. A Rudolph Umland of Lincoln contributed a short story, as did a Miss Jacqueline Wright of Iowa. James



J. Gunnar Back

Cox of Lincoln had a poem in that issue. So did Harold Vinal, who is a New York writer. Francis-Elizabeth Crawford of Milwaukee was listed for a story.

Splendid. Now, pray, who are these people?

To begin with, they are writers who are taking the hard road. The *Prairie Schooner* is not *Liberty* magazine. They were paid exactly nothing in dollars and cents for being accepted by the *Schooner*. But the *Digest* and *Review* reprinted Umland's story. *Fiction Parade* reprinted Miss Wright's (a second time Miss Wright has been reprinted from the *Schooner*). *Fiction Parade* also took Miss Crawford's story. Gerry's poem was reprinted in the *Best Poems of 1936*, a Jonathan Cape publication in England. Conrad Aiken, Archibald MacLeish, and Lord Dunsany were in the same volume. Jim Cox's poem bounced out of the *Prairie Schooner* into the *Paebur* anthology of best poems for 1936. Harold Vinal's poem is now a part of his *Vinal Haven*, published by Stephen Daye.

Mari Sandoz's *Old Jules* won the \$5,000 Atlantic Prize two years ago, and since then the book has sold 65,000 copies. In 1927, nine years ago, in its first issue, the *Prairie Schooner* published her first story. Albert Halper hadn't written *Union Square* or *The Foundry* when he saw his work in the *Schooner*. If you read *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and, undoubtedly, *Esquire*, you may remember Jesse Stuart, whose *Man With a Bull Tongue Plow* can now be purchased at the book stores. His first verse found print in this Lincoln quarterly. Virginia Faulkner and Dorothy Thomas had the *Prairie Schooner* in their hands when they looked upon their first prose and verse in print.

THE QUILL for January, 1937

Though it might well be, this column is not being written to commemorate the tenth year of a literary journal that has survived and grown out here in Lincoln where the droughts have destroyed so much. It is a recommendation that you contribute to the *Prairie Schooner* if you happen to be doing the kind of writing that has authenticity and focuses on the truth. Lowry Charles Wimberly is editor of the *Schooner*. He has edited it since its beginning. As a member of the English faculty at the University of Nebraska, he constantly reads the manuscripts of his students. Those who write honestly usually write about the prairie country, from which, you must believe us, the Indian and cowboy have disappeared.

The *Prairie Schooner* was founded in 1927 as organ of expression for these regional writers. Today, manuscripts come in at the rate of 2,500 a year, from all parts of the world. Out of these 2,500 Dr. Wimberly selects some 80 for the four issues of the quarterly. To say that he reads manuscripts constantly is almost no exaggeration. He is glad to talk to anybody interesting, but he has been forced to develop a wary eye for the person who will intrude on the enjoyment of a glass of beer by pulling out a story. "Read it, 'Doc,' and tell me what you think of it." Editor Wimberly's own stories have appeared in *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *American Mercury*, and *Forum*.

Stories submitted to the *Schooner* should not be any longer than 5,000 words. Poetry should not exceed 60 lines. The *Schooner* occasionally prints one-act plays. Dr. Wimberly is looking for good humor, and articles of general interest that are not academic in treatment or in subject-matter. Of these last two he has great need.

The *Prairie Schooner* is read by most of the editors who pay for the kind of material *Schooner* prints. Reprints from the *Schooner* at the regular rates of these other magazines is steadily increasing. O'Brien, of the *Best Short Stories*, has regularly rated the *Schooner* among the first fourteen national publications maintaining a high standard of excellence.

The address: Station A, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Early in March the Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind., will launch a new house organ, tentatively called *Haul-age*, devoted to articles on trucks and trucking problems in which Studebaker vehicles play a prominent part. The new publication will have an introductory circulation of 60,000 copies. It will be in two colors, 8½ by 11 in size, and edited by Frederick O. Schubert, also in charge of Studebaker's other magazine, *The Wheel*, now reaching more than 300,000 readers here and abroad. The needs of the new publication, according to Mr. Schubert, can be summarized as the unusual, the something different, the well-illustrated fact yarn that has a Studebaker truck as the "hero." About 750 words for the average story is long enough to tell hard-headed truck buyers what Studebaker trucks can and are doing. Articles will be accepted if they can make the prospective buyer see a solution of his own trucking problems in the experiences of others with Studebaker equipment. Payment of one cent a word and up, plus extra payment for photographs, will be made upon acceptance.

The Commentator . . . 101 Park Avenue, New York City, is a new pocket size magazine under the editorship of Lowell Thomas, war correspondent and radio commentator. Published monthly, contributors have a wide field from which to choose, and can cover any phase from sports to politics—timely news events; length, 400 to 1800 words, also fillers and spot stories. Pays good price on acceptance. According to Lowell Thomas, each article should be written with the following points in mind: Start with an idea based upon current news. Make sure the facts you have are vital and state them forcefully, then connect them as intimately as possible with the reader's personal concerns. Give them background and trace them to their probable outcome. If possible, challenge and guide the reader to help share their development. Avoid any suggestion of defeatism, and build the reader's sense of social importance. Give the article that lightness of touch, color, and freshness that will make good dinner conversation expressing the ideas so tersely as to highlight memorable, quotable passages.—RUSSELL E. PIERCE.

Editor, THE QUILL:
"We are seriously considering publishing, in our company magazine—*Shell Progress*, a fiction serial or a series of short stories based on the same characters and we would like to contact writers capable of fulfilling our needs along this line.

"The fiction serial we have in mind would run about 10,000 words. It should be based on the love, pathos, humor and common sense incidental to a service station operator's daily life. Throughout the story a merchandising theme might be reflected in the actions of the characters. In other words this is to be the story of the 'ups-and-downs' of a reasonably successful station operator. Some of his home life should appear in its relation to his business, e.g.: his wife's help, the need to increase his earnings for the family budget, his child's interest in 'daddy's' station, etc. And so through the medium of fiction show how a service station should be efficiently operated to produce profit, success and personal satisfaction.

"We would be willing to pay in the neighborhood of \$150.00 for such a story. Since the price we expect to pay will undoubtedly not interest authors of 'name' reputation it will probably be necessary to have the work furnished us on speculation in order that we can pass on the material.

Very truly yours,

F. C. FAY,
Shell Oil Co., Shell Bldg.,
San Francisco, Calif."

32-lb. Kraft envelopes, for mailing scripts flat, 25 outgoing and 25 return, \$1.40.
For one fold of script, \$0.95.
For two folds of script, 50 of each, \$1.00.

Also Mss. Paper; Items for Writers.

4415 Center Ave. — Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEWSpapers —

[Concluded from page 4]

political parties, two local factions on the relief question or anything else, give equal space in parallel columns to direct quotations from the principal heads of both factions. Then the reader knows you are doing an honest, unbiased job. The kind of job that in fact is the moral obligation of every newspaper editor.

If the policy of dual reporting in parallel columns is clean editorial management in the closing weeks of a Presidential campaign, why isn't it good policy to adopt throughout the paper on all news dispatches and all national or local issues?

THE public today realizes, as never before, that there are two sides to every story. That is true even when a man is arrested by a police officer for a major crime or petty offense. Why continue this antiquated method of editing newspapers predominating with one-sided reporting in this age that is teeming with controversy? Why continue a system of editing that keeps people continually belittling it as "newspaper talk"?

Let's be a little more specific. The school board asks for an additional levy. OK. But what is it to be used for? What are the arguments for it and what are the arguments against it? What organizations are backing it? Which organizations are opposing it? Give both sides and give it in parallel columns. Then the reader knows you have given him credit for a little native intelligence and he can come to a logical decision. Think of all the suspicion, complaints and trouble that would be avoided for the editor with the adoption of such a dual column reporting policy.

For example. Father Sarasola, a Spanish priest, comes to Cleveland with others, to deliver the government side of the story. Bishop Schrembs protests his appearance. Says he is an apostate priest, meaning that his rights have been revoked. The Spanish priest says he remains loyal to the duly constituted government. Denies receiving any notice of suspension. Bishop protests to newspapers and finally to the mayor. Cleveland newspaper editors are troubled. They cannot ignore the event. The newspaper must perform its function. Yet the bishop must not be offended. He is influential. So a compromise is made to bury a marvelous front page story down in a single column in the back part of the paper.

The fact that the mayor was appealed to in an effort to curtail freedom of speech and assembly made the incident big news. But it was buried. Buried because of the lack of a clean-cut editorial policy devoid of prejudice. A clean newspaper editing policy here would have resulted in parallel single column or parallel double column reporting on this significant incident, with equal space given to both parties. It was big news when the man was accompanied by the President of the Republican Party of Spain and the Spanish delegate to the League of Nations. It was still bigger news when a local church organization requested the mayor to prevent their speaking. Yet the story was given less space than the meeting of a local bridge club, and buried in the back of the newspaper with a one sentence quotation from the speaker.

THOUSANDS of similar cases of journalistic malpractice could easily be avoided by the adoption of the parallel column dual reporting policy. Not only would it avoid complications, misunderstanding and enmities, but it would help to regain at least a part of the lost public confidence in newspapers. Ostensibly, then, it would increase the value of newspapers as advertising media immensely. Scripps-Howard has set a great new standard that should not only be revived, but carried on throughout all newspaperdom.

Once the public learns this to be the policy of your newspaper, your prominent citizens, clergy or politicians who protest this thing or that thing, will no longer get you into hot water. They will know in advance what to expect and they will get it—all to the benefit of your readers. If your best friend wants an event reported or a story killed, you have a perfect answer that cannot offend anyone. At the same time, you are performing a journalistic job that will be a distinct credit to you and the community or city you serve.

IRVING DILLIARD (Illinois '26), editorial writer for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, was elected national president of Alpha Kappa Lambda, social fraternity, at its national conclave at the University of Illinois in September. Dilliard will preside at the fraternity's next national convention in Seattle, Wash. Dilliard is a member of the national council of Sigma Delta Chi.

Social Justice

[Concluded from page 14]

ington, in the nation and the political picture.

Our wide use of pictures from the news services was almost an afterthought. We had passed 800,000 weekly before the news pictures were introduced. An experiment is being ventured with what I shall call "symbol pictures"—pictures of an idea instead of rhetoric, on the lines of the old Chinese motto that a picture is "worth many words." I agree our present treatment might be more effective in a rotogravure magazine, but we have stubbornly clung to a newsprint tabloid. Partly on account of cost, but chiefly because we do not wish to "go highbrow" on these thousands—may I not say millions—of readers who like us as we are.

WE on the staff of *Social Justice* have—I hope—no illusions. *Social Justice* is completely Father Coughlin's paper—an extension, as it were, of his personal voice. When he is too busy to write for the paper, as was the situation during the recent summer, or absent on vacation, as is the case at this writing, his little staff carries on, getting out the best paper we know how. Our readers understand and have been willing to wait most patiently for the Editor-in-Chief to resume his dynamic personal column conducting.

The innovations which we are introducing each week—the book review department, the "Know Social Justice" contest, and similar planned surprises, are directed to building up the audience for Father Coughlin's message.

May I repeat that beyond my contact with Father Coughlin as the editor-in-chief of *Social Justice* I am not an authority. But you may take it from a veteran news worker, that "Editor Coughlin" could get AND HOLD a newspaper job anytime he wanted it. And that, isn't it, is still the ultimate newsroom test of whether one has what it takes!

Following announcement of his intention to divide his time six months each year in Hollywood and six months in New York, W. H. Fawcett, the publisher, has purchased through M. A. Vargo, the ranch property formerly owned by Louise Dresser, and adjoining the Mary Astor estate in the Toluca Lake district. Publications of the Fawcett banner include: *Screen Play*, *Screen Book*, *Movie Classic*, *True Confessions*, *Motion Picture*, *Romantic Confessions Stories*, *Romantic Movie Stories*, *Daring Detective*, *Startling Detective* and *Modern Mechanix*.

THE QUILL for January, 1937

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Women in Journalism

LADIES OF THE PRESS, by Ishbel Ross. New York: Harper and Brothers. xii. 622 pp. \$3.75.

The story of women in journalism—a saga of romance, adventure, and high achievement—is told by Ishbel Ross in "Ladies of the Press," a 600-page volume which has enjoyed a wide and favorable reception since its recent publication.

Although the book has a special interest for newspaper men and women and young people who wish to enter the ranks of the Fourth Estate, its appeal is by no means restricted to such groups. Like the newspapers upon which these women about whom Miss Ross writes have worked, her book makes a general appeal to all.

Miss Ross' chief aim, of course, has been to produce an historical survey of the part women have played in the development and progress of American journalism. Explaining that "it would be impossible to do full credit in the compass of one book to the history, efforts, and accomplishments of all the newspaper women who have made their way on American newspapers, in face of opposition and prejudice," she says that she has, nevertheless, "attempted to cover the field as broadly as possible." An examination of her book is sufficient to convince one that she has done a remarkably complete and attractive job.

Miss Ross was born in Scotland, worked in Canada for a time, and came to New York in 1919 where for more than a decade she worked for the *Tribune* and the *Herald Tribune*. During a part of this time she was in amicable rivalry with her husband, Bruce Rae, who is night city editor of the *New York Times*. Some of the better remembered stories which she covered are the Stillman divorce, the Halls-Mills murder, the Starr Faithful case, the death of the old *New York World*, the death of Edison, the King of Siam's visit, and the Lindbergh kidnapping. Miss Ross has traveled extensively and is the author of three novels.

The author reports that there are today nearly 12,000 women editors, feature writers, and reporters in this country. "They have," she writes, "found their way into all of the large newspaper offices and most of the small ones. They have invaded every branch of the business, but have not made much impression in the front-page field."

"This does not mean," she continues,

"that they have failed to make themselves felt in newspaper work; on the contrary, their success has been substantial. They hold executive posts. Two have dominant voices in important papers on the Eastern seaboard. Many of them edit small papers of their own. They run Sunday magazines and book supplements, write editorials, do politics, foreign correspondence, features, straight news, criticism, copy reading and sports writing, as well as the old standbys—the woman's page, clubs, and social news.

"They excel in the feature field and dominate the syndicates. . . . They function in the advertising, business, art, promotion, and mechanical departments, as well as in the editorial rooms. They have arrived in a convincing way. But the fact remains that they have made surprisingly little progress on the front page, which is still the critical test. . . ."

She also notes that there is one other phase of journalism in which women have failed to distinguish themselves—political cartooning.

Woman's place in journalism has changed with the times, Miss Ross observes. "Broadly speaking," she writes, "1890-1900 was the stunt era; 1900-1910 the sob era; 1910-1920 the suffrage era; and 1920-1930 the tabloid era." Women in journalism "have followed the trend of the news and of their papers," she continues. "The girl on the conservative paper has tempered her style to suit its frame; the tabloid girl has gingered hers up, however sober her tastes."—JOHN E. DREWRY, *Director*, Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, the University of Georgia.

Movie Writing

THE NEW TECHNIQUE OF SCREEN WRITING, by Tamar Lane. Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill, New York, 1936. 337 pp. \$3.00.

For some readers the most interesting section in "The New Technique of Screen Writing" will begin on page 134, the chapter headed "Remuneration." In five pages from 134 on, it is explained that \$3,000 is the average amount paid by a major studio for a "well-regarded" original screen story submitted by a lesser-known scenarist or free-lance writer. Established scenarists may get as much as \$20,000 for an original, but their salaries average \$400 a week if they accept an office and a studio clock by which to write. Become a George S. Kaufman, and you

can ask the price of an ocean-going yacht to do one screen story, original or adaptation.

This makes exciting reading. The eager writer may next turn logically enough to page 161 in Tamar Lane's book and run through the specimen manuscripts printed in Part II. The three specimens printed were made into three separate successful movies. The first is an original story, the second a "treatment" of another original, and the third a complete shooting script of "Trans-Atlantic Merry-Go-Round." Ten to one some of the eager readers will next be seen shipping off screen stories of their own in which

(1) a small-town newsstand clerk with big ideas becomes, by the sheerest fortuitousness, a sporty, wealthy Man-About-Broadway (plot of the specimen original).

(2) another American hero goes to China, saves an inland townful of people from bandits, and wins a U. S. society girl (plot of specimen "treatment").

(3) a personable jewelry thief outwits some card sharpers on shipboard, steers clear of the wife of a cuckolded husband, and saves an honest chorus girl from racketeers (plot of shooting script).

In fairness to Mr. Lane, it must be pointed out that he doesn't really make scenario writing seem that simple. The author of "New Technique in Screen Writing" has purchased and edited photoplay stories for major studios. He knows what you have to do to write successful scenarios. There are a lot of rules that may restrain the creative powers of the writer. In addition to an analysis of what screen drama really is, Mr. Lane has made a thorough presentation of these rules. Is your story timely? Does it follow the headlines? Does it have mass appeal? Does it properly follow a cinema trend? Does it have selling angles for the New York distributing office? Mr. Lane's book tells you how to meet the test of these questions. He tells you specifically the form a screen story must have, physically and creatively.

He gives copious illustration of what to do and not to do. But he doesn't deny that you may be able to discard the stereotype for screen stories and still sell what you have written, provided you have talent for the specific dramatic form of the motion picture.

"New Technique of Screen Writing" contains many interesting facts. For example, that your screen story may be just a rough synopsis and yet get a staggering figure. Someone else whips your idea into a shooting script.

P. S. You'd better send your manuscript to an agent. Mr. Lane lists the agents. That's worth the cost of the book alone.—J. GUNNAR BACK.

I'm Tired of the Word "Censor!"

[Concluded from page 5]

editing will not be Don Quixotes breaking lances as professional editors, if and when they make the grade. But youth wouldn't be youth if it didn't go berserk occasionally, and I for one hate the term censorship as applied to the efforts to maintain decent harmony in a school or the effort to teach that there are necessary restrictions upon any newspaper.

TO the student who bellows "censorship" to the mild advice of a faculty advisor or a college president, one would like to ask what he would cry were he writing for the scrutiny of a city editor, a copy desk, a managing editor, and a publisher.

Granted, there are administrations which are stupid in their seeking to control student publications which are manned and paid for by students, but usually ignorance of public opinion control is at the basis of these attempts. In seeking to suppress news which is campus talk they often foment rumor, gossip and wild tales which far exceed the truth, all of which could be prevented by letting intelligently trained

student newspaper workers handle the story in a sound professional manner.

Where many student editors err, however, is in defining their reading public. One of the first tasks for any editor is to determine his public, and this job exists just as realistically for the school, whether it is high school or college.

In the high school the public consists not only of pupils, but of faculty, administration, townspeople, merchants who are supporting and making possible the paper with their advertisements, school board, and parents. Is the fetish of "freedom of the press," particularly over a trivial matter, worth bringing about the discharging of a teacher or a superintendent, causing a wrathful and stormy meeting of a parent-teacher organization, the withdrawal of a pupil from school, or the humiliation of the entire school system in the eyes of the town?

IF a mature faculty member says, foreseeing some such thing, that "you can't print that," why a hue and cry of "censorship"?

As a matter of fact, there is far too little censorship. Athletic teams, debate teams, school drama people, and glee clubs have far more rigid restrictions placed upon them than are ever placed by a faculty adviser who usually clings tenaciously to an ideal he read about in studying something about a free press.

If a college is hanging on the brink of financial disaster, what editor has the right to plunge the entire organization over that brink by writing about inefficiency or disharmony when the school itself is subsidizing his very education? His fees are paid in the main, no doubt, by the very persons whom he seeks to antagonize into withdrawing their financial support of the school.

Students like to criticize their faculty and their administration. In fact faculties like to criticize their administration, just as every pick and shovel man thinks he could plan a better railroad than the executives for whom he is laying a roadbed. I have yet to be convinced that student judgments of their teachers are accurate gauges of those teachers' abilities. I recall one teacher whom I thought wasted most of our time when I was in his class. Today he is one of the few of whom I have any clear-cut picture, proof enough that he influenced me more than some of the pedantic souls who probably impressed me at the time.

CURTIS D. MACDOUGALL made a statement at the convention of the Associated Collegiate Press in the fall of 1935 which has not been widely enough publicized, probably because there were no huzzahs when he made it. I quote from him as my huzzah:

"There may be some poor men teaching journalism just as there are incapable instructors of all other subjects; but there are few professors of journalism whose experience and mature judgment could not be consulted to advantage by the average collegiate editor."

The random experiences which I set down previously were examples of what students have considered their constitutional right. I stood behind some of these things myself, but I don't propose to again. Professor C. R. F. Smith in the April, 1936, *QUILL* suggested paying a staff to run the paper as the administration wanted it run, as a solution of the problem.

My suggestion differs from that. So long as I teach I will not have the administration taking me for a nincompoop who doesn't know publishing problems.

With my experience I shall set myself up as a publisher who knows his field and who knows the restrictions and the expanses of his paper. My staff will consult me. I shall try to teach them that a paper is published for its field.

If, on occasion, they differ in opinion from me, I shall exercise my professional right as publisher to decide what to do.

If this be censorship, make the most of it.

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(Editor's Note: *THE QUILL* welcomes letters of comment concerning its articles, also on pertinent journalistic topics, problems, policies, etc. Keep the letters short and to the point. All letters, of course, must bear the writer's signature.)

"I enjoy reading *THE QUILL*. It is one of the most welcome publications I receive. Compliments on the increasing quality and variety of articles." — Rolland F. Smith, 14005 Glenside Rd., Cleveland, O.

★

"I enjoy *THE QUILL* very much." — Sam Justice, *United Press*, Charlotte, North Carolina.

★

"Congratulations on getting out such a fine publication." — George S. Round (Nebraska '32).

★

"I feel that *THE QUILL* has made a great improvement in the past year." — L. W. Rupp, *Crytal City*, Mo.

THE QUILL for January, 1937

TRAFFIC jams on crosstown streets between 23rd and 59th streets from Third to Ninth Avenues in New York City are causing the loss of somewhere between a half million and one and a half million dollars a day.—STANLEY E. HUBBARD, one of the founders of KSTP, Twin Cities Radio station in St. Paul, has been made president and general manager of the company.—Retirement of ELMER E. STANION as business manager of the *Elizabeth Daily Journal*, with which he has been connected since 1903, has been announced.—H. B. TRUNDLE, president, Danville (Va.) *Register and Bee*, suffered a broken leg when struck by an automobile in Danville.—WILLIAM H. HILL, editor, Wilmington (Del.) *Morning News*, who is at his desk daily writing special articles and his column "Pertinent Questions," recently observed his 85th birthday.—At the centennial celebration of Emory University, Atlanta, E. D. LAMBRIGHT, editor Tampa (Fla.) *Tribune* was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.—\$3.00 orders on the California State Motor Vehicle Department for 1937 automobile license plates are being offered by the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* to drivers who are photographed by a cameraman alert for instances of careful, safe and courteous driving.—MRS. NOLA V. WALES, said to be the only woman manager of midwestern agencies, has operated the Wales Advertising Agency of Topeka, Kan., since 1918.—The Pekin (Ill.) *Daily Times* started a fund to build a house for a family of 11 living in a ragged tent and within one week a three-room house, painted, furnished and paid for was completed.—The Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette* will hold a "First Fifty" dinner party to celebrate the beginning of its fiftieth year.—JOHN L. SCOTT, prominent in Wisconsin newspaper circles as the 74-year-old editor of the Evansville (Wis.) *Review*, has retired after almost 50 years of newspaper work.—WILLIAM H. POND, national advertising manager of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, resigned effective Jan. 1, 1937.—The Santa Fe (N. M.) *Sun*, new evening newspaper made its appearance Dec. 14. GEORGE ABELL is editor and publisher.—A new daily newspaper, the Trenton (N. J.) *Morning Press*, began publication Dec. 17, with CHARLES J. DOCKARTY as editor and publisher.—WILLIAM C. SHELTON who has lived all his life in Washington, formerly business manager of the Washington *Herald and Times*, has been named business manager and assistant publisher.—Twenty-three drivers

Had You Heard—

By DONALD D. HOOVER

for the South End Express Company, truckers for the Newark (N. J.) *Evening News*, received \$100.00 each as a reward for completing a year without having been involved in highway accidents.—One of the largest double-faced thermometers ever manufactured, weighing 1,000 lbs., has been hung on the northwest corner of the New York *Sun* building and balances the Sun Clock on the southwest corner.—CHARLES O. GRIDLEY of the Denver *Post* was elected president of the National Press Club at its annual poll. He succeeds George Stimpson, of the Houston *Post*.—After 29 years in the advertising business, THEODORE F. MACMANUS has retired as active head of MacManus, John & Adams, Detroit. W. A. P. JOHN succeeds to the presidency and JOHN R. ADAMS becomes executive vice-president and general manager.—The motor driven freighter "Chicago Tribune" carrying newsprint for the Chi-

cago Tribune Company was aided by the coast guard cutter "Escanaba" when grounded in the Straits of Mackinac recently.—The "Good Will Court" sponsored by Chase & Sanborn on a national network has been dropped because of a New York court ruling forbidding attorneys and former judges to participate.—TED PRENDERGAST, political writer of the Pittsburgh *Sun Telegraph*, was appointed personal secretary to the Governor of Pennsylvania. The following day the Governor received this telegram signed by Mr. Prendergast: "Congratulations on your excellent choice in selecting a secretary."—MISS KATHRYN KIRKHAM, reporter for the Okmulgee (Okla.) *Daily Times*, recently spent ten days in the Oklahoma State Penitentiary for Women in order to obtain information for a series of stories about prison conditions. Miss Kirkham was committed on a faked conviction with only the warden and deputy warden aware that she was a reporter.—HARVEY T. WOODRUFF, conductor of the "In the Wake of the News" column in the Chicago *Tribune*, became a grandfather on Dec. 18.—SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER, publisher of the Capper Publications, Topeka, entertained members of the Publications' "Old Timers" Club at a luncheon recently.—CHESTER H. ROSE, circulation manager, Biloxi-Gulfport (Miss.) *Daily Herald*, has resigned to become circulation manager of the Hammond (La.) *Daily Progress*.—JOHN R. CROWN, editor, Harrisonburg (Va.) *News Recorder*, was tendered a testimonial dinner recently when he was lauded as "father of the Shenandoah National Park."—GENE HUSE, editor and publisher, Norfolk (Neb.) *Daily News*, sailed Jan. 15 from New York City to spend several weeks on a South American tour and write 105 articles for Esquire Features Syndicate.—PATRICK M. FEENEY, advertising manager, Newark (N. J.) *Evening News*, and Mrs. Feeney recently celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary at a dinner party.—EDWARD A. EVANS, former editor of the Columbus (O.) *Citizen* has joined the Scripps-Howard News Alliance in Washington.—\$128,759, the best record in the 23 years of the association's existence, was the reported proceeds of the annual newspaper sale by the Detroit Old Newsboys Association for the benefit of the city's needy children.—BELL SYNDICATE is now releasing a collection of the year's best photographs under the title, "U. S. Camera, 1936."

The Newspaper Guy

I see a man push his way through the lines

Of cops where the work of the "fire fiend" shines.

"The chief?" I inquire—but the fireman replies,

"Gee, no. That's one of those newspaper guys."

I see a man start on the trail of a crook
And he scorns the police, but brings him to book.

"Sherlock Holmes?" I inquire. Someone scornfully cries:

"Sherlock H— No; he's one of those newspaper guys."

I see a man sit in the seat of the great,
And they ask his advice upon matters of state.

"A diplomat, surely." But to my surprise

They tell me "he's one of those newspaper guys."

And some day I'll stand by the gates of gold,

And see a man pass through unquestioned and bold.

"A saint?" I'll ask, and Saint Peter'll reply

"No, he's only a plain, honest newspaper guy."

Author Unknown.

NEWSPAPER MEN AND STUDENTS OF JOURNALISM

If you have chosen the Fourth Estate for your profession, you should choose *National Printer Journalist* for your magazine. If you are just entering the newspaper field, you will find this magazine a great aid to your career. If you are an old-timer at writing and publishing, you will discover fresh ideas in the many interesting articles on a wide variety of subjects which are contained in it each month.

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THE QUILL

35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago

Humor Flows From His Pen—

[Concluded from page 9]

my autograph when the bank officials so often refuse to do so.

"Sincerely,

"Gluyas Williams."

Underneath the signature was a little sketch of a man meekly presenting a check to a bank teller who is scanning it with a stern look.

FANS send in many ideas for his use but they are very rarely suitable. One morning a woman phoned to give him an idea. When he asked her name, she giggled and was unable to talk. This and a hundred other foolish people's pranks are specimens of how a busy man's time can be needlessly wasted.

The building in which Williams works is very old—so typical of Boston's architecture. A prolific worker, he keeps about 12 weeks in advance of publication. To take proper care of these 72 drawings, he keeps them in a safe deposit box in the First National Bank. Every Monday he goes down and removes a week's drawings and posts them to the syndicate office.

Williams received quite a surprise when he found a mob of milling people in front of the bank on a Monday morning in March, 1933. Pushing his way to the front, he saw this sign on the door:

"BANK IS CLOSED UNTIL
FURTHER NOTICE BY OR-
DERS OF THE PRESIDENT"

His drawings were due in New York City the following day so he began to telephone bank officials who refused him admittance. A frantic appeal by a Boston *Globe* executive resulted in a let-down of the barrier. Williams was allowed to enter the bank under heavy guard and remove two weeks' drawings which he sent air mail to the syndicate offices.

HIS favorite comic strips, strangely enough, are the slapstick comics POP-EYE and MOON MULLINS. He is enthusiastic over the work of Bill Holman.

Williams spends his summers in Maine where he sails a small boat in the Atlantic. Several years ago when he and his family went there at the beginning of the summer, the natives all gaped at him in wonderment. He couldn't understand the reason for this sudden action. Finally, one of the fishermen walked up to him and asked quizzically,

"Are you all right, Mr. Williams?"

"Certainly, Herb," he replied.

"Funny thing, but we read by the papers that you were dead."

Herb was referring to the passing of Gaar Williams, another cartoonist often mistaken for Gluyas Williams.

MR. WILLIAMS delights in telling the story of Jim Smith who "bummed" a cigarette from his closest friend, Tom Jones. When Jim saw that it was his pal's last smoke he tried to return it, but Tom refused to take it back. The men argued for a few minutes, then Tom asked angrily.

"Are you going to take this cigaret?"

"NO!" Jim replied.

At this point, Tom pulled a revolver from his hip pocket and shot his friend dead.

Williams is really great as he enacts both parts when addressing a gathering.

He is a serious billiards player, an assiduous reader of detective stories and an ardent player of contract bridge. One of his two children, 19 year-old Peggy, is a student in the art department at Smith College.

"Of course, it is too early to say definitely whether Peggy will continue her art work. Girls are so changeable today," Mr. Williams explained.

Wanted—

[Concluded from page 11]

about the defeat in its county of a referendum measure by about that score, and it has done the same thing repeatedly on candidates and legislative propositions.

IF I were the publisher of a newspaper, large or small, I would not rest content until my newspaper was so respected by its readers that no political fourflusher would dare to challenge it. I would not relax my efforts at honesty and square dealing with the public until I had made my paper a firm place in the political affairs of the territory in which it circulated.

I know this can be done, and I am sure it must be done by the bulk of American newspaperdom if we are to have long in this country the "free press" which we have come to regard as our unalienable right.

THE QUILL for January, 1937

WHO • WHAT • WHERE

BROOKS DARLINGTON (California '28), who used to write the column, "The Californiac," in the *Daily Californian*, is now radio manager for E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del. He also handles other public relations projects of an institutional nature, such as movies, exhibits, educational literature and space advertising designed to show how the du Pont organization creates "Better Things for Better Living—Through Chemistry."

★

FRED C. FOY (California '25) went from college into the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency in Los Angeles. Unusual ability caused him to be drafted as advertising manager of the Shell Oil Company in San Francisco, and the same ability promoted that company to move him a few weeks ago to their New York office.

★

LYMAN THOMPSON (Knox '18) and Mrs. Thompson announce the arrival of a second son, Jonathan Godfrey, born June 1. The Thompsons live in Wayne, Pa.

★

HANSON B. PIGMAN (Kansas '28) has been appointed circulation manager of *Capper's Farmer*, with offices at Topeka. Since 1930 he had been circulation manager for the *Missouri Ruralist*, another Capper publication.

★

RALPH ULRICH (De Pauw '36) is assistant to the city editor of the *Brazil* (Ind.) *Times*, of which **GEORGE H. JAMES** (De Pauw Associate) is editor.

★

JOHN R. WHITING (Ohio '36), formerly with the *Standard Reporter* in Montgomery, N. Y., is now writing the Press department of the *Literary Digest*, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

★

ARTHUR M. ARLETT (California '31) is editor of all company publications of the Associated Oil Company, San Francisco.

Delineator—

[Concluded from page 10]

style and fashion backed up by information helpful in every activity of the progressive housekeeper. Beside the lively articles and unusual stories, there are departments on beauty, cooking, gardening, interior decoration and every phase of homemaking.

Now, 62 years after its founding, *Delineator* is the youngest of the women's magazines and attracts the youngest audience with the understanding, naturally, that its selected and logical reader is the young matron, the woman who is interested in her home. It is for her alert and intelligent interest that *Delineator* is edited.

THE QUILL for January, 1937

GEORGE H. JAMES (DePauw Associate), managing editor of the *Brazil* (Ind.) *Daily Times*, and Mrs. James returned recently from an 85-day trip through 11 countries of Europe which they made by motor. Mr. James wrote daily letters on his travels to his newspaper which attracted much reader interest. On his return, Mr. James' services are in demand for lectures and after-dinner talks on the highlights of his trip. He took along his newspaper *Graflex* and got a couple of hundred photographs of interesting places, costumes and scenery.

★

ALEX GOTTLIEB (Wisconsin '28), advertising manager for Columbia Pictures Corp., New York City, and Mrs. Gottlieb announce the arrival of a son, Stephen Harris Gottlieb, May 31.

★

PHILLIP RAY (California '24) is now in charge of conventions for the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, as well as being one of the radio announcers covering Pacific Coast football games. His wide experience in sports writing also led him for a while into the post of National Director of Physical Education in one of the Central American countries.

★

G. ALBERT WAHL (California '30) is the resident U. S. Commissioner for Lassen National Forest at Mineral, Calif. He went there after being assistant director of athletic publicity for the University of California.

★

SHERWOOD E. WIRT (California '32), after serving on the editorial staffs of the *Hilo Herald-Tribune* and the *San Francisco Examiner*, is now city editor of the *Alaska Press*, at Juneau, Alaska.

★

WILLIS S. DUNIWAY (Oregon '33) has been transferred from the managership of the Salem, Ore., bureau of the *United Press* to the managership of the Seattle bureau. **DONALD F. CASWELL** (Oregon '34), after eight months as manager of the UP bureau in Spokane, has succeeded Duniway as manager of the Salem bureau.

★

MARCUS SELDEN GOLDMAN (Miami '16), assistant professor of English at the University of Illinois, has been granted a year's leave of absence from that institution to accept a visiting professorship of English in Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.

★

STUART M. LONG (Texas '36) is police reporter and church editor of the *Austin American*; associate editor, the *State Week*; and associate editor, the *Alcalde*, Austin, Texas.

★

KENNETH HARPER (Texas '35) is now doing publicity for the Texas old-age assistance commission.

★

JOHN H. LEACH (Northwestern '32) recently became assistant to the editor of

the Shell Petroleum Corporation's sales promotion magazine, *Shell Progress*, issued through the company's main office in St. Louis, Mo.

Pioneer Analyst

"Most likely you're a youngster just out of journalism college. After you've had some experience, you'll know how to judge the value of news."

Thus was he scolded by a Michigan school teacher. But Edward W. Pickard, veteran news analyst of Western Newspaper Union, could laugh up his sleeve. Pickard is a seasoned newsmen of the old school, once city editor of Chicago's late *Post*.

Able does he interpret the news each week for readers of 3,250 American



EDWARD W. PICKARD

... is he the first of a clan?

newspapers. And though Bachelor Pickard's immense following is bound to draw barbs like that of Michigan's school teacher, he enjoys far more letters from happy readers of WNU-serviced publications.

Boastful is WNU of the Pickard "News Review," pioneer in a journalistic design that first became indispensable to smaller papers, has since proved just as popular with metropolitan dailies. If prophetic newsmen are correct, future interpretative journalists may well hail Edward Pickard as the first of their clan.

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AS WE VIEW IT

Brisbane and Lorimer

ACTIVE journalism has lost two remarkable figures in recent weeks—one through death and the other through retirement.

We are referring, of course, to Arthur Brisbane, who died Christmas day, and to George Horace Lorimer, chairman of the Curtis Publishing Co. and editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, whose resignation became effective Jan. 1, 1937.

Brisbane, whose journalistic career began at the age of 19 when he joined the staff of the *New York Sun* under Charles A. Dana, became the highest paid and the widest read newspaperman of all time. His column appeared in 200 daily newspapers, with more than 30,000,000 readers, and in more than 1,500 weekly newspapers.

What an audience for an individual writer! What an opportunity to spread information, truth and to crusade for right!

Did he live up to the opportunity—the challenge? Who can say—save He to whom all final accountings must be made. There were those who spoke of the Brisbane comment as Brisbanalities—those who called his work superficial, without significance. Perhaps that was because he wrote so that all might read and know his point of view even if not agreeing with it.

Perhaps the greatest exponent of "say it simply," the ripples of the paragraphs that Arthur Brisbane poured forth daily, hourly, on every subject under the sun, spread to far-flung corners with an effect no one on earth adequately can measure.

REMARKABLE as was the career of Arthur Brisbane, it was no more remarkable than that of George Horace Lorimer.

Perhaps you know its outline—how as a young reporter on the *Boston Post* in 1897 he read that Cyrus H. K. Curtis had bought the *Saturday Evening Post* for \$1,000 and wrote to him asking for an interview. The two met in Boston and after a half hour's conversation, the young reporter was hired as literary editor of the magazine. When Mr. Curtis left for Europe, to interview a man for the editorship, he left young Lorimer in complete editorial charge.

Curtis failed to meet the man he wanted to see in Paris and sailed homeward, bearing with him four issues of the magazine as it had appeared under Lorimer's hand. He knew he had found the man he was seeking.

The story of what the young editor—given a free rein—accomplished is an amazing one. When he took its helm it was a magazine of 16 black and white pages, without a cover, with one-eighth of a column of advertising, and with a paid circulation of 1,600.

He brought the *Post*, as Wesley Winans Stout, his successor, puts it: "from the status of an inferior country weekly to the greatest magazine on earth in prestige, circulation and revenue," retiring with the magazine's circulation at an all-time high of three million copies net paid an issue!

This is not the place to treat in full of the careers of either Arthur Brisbane or George Horace Lorimer. We would but call attention to their careers—the 19-year-old reporter who became the world's best paid and most widely read newspaperman and the young reporter who molded an insignificant publication into a valuable

and powerful publication with a circulation of 3,000,000.

There's inspiration there, for, as Lincoln Steffens observed: "That nothing is done, finally and right. That nothing is known, positively and completely." Great things remain to be done in journalism—and it is the 19-year-old reporters and young magazine men of today who will do them.

NEWSpapers

WHAT Harm White has to say in this issue about newspapers having become advertising sheets is all too true in a great many instances.

But we'd like to put the blame where we believe it chiefly belongs—on the publishers and the advertising and business managers who have individually and collectively hamstrung the editors of their publications until the editors cannot do the job they want to do.

It isn't the editor who fixes the ratio of editorial space to advertising space. It isn't always the editor who fixes the policy of the paper. It isn't the editor who promises editorial space to advertisers. It isn't the editor who leads sacred cows to graze in limited editorial pastures.

Yet, when a newspaper or magazine starts to slip it's always the editorial department that is blamed.

Sigma Delta Chi's Move

BOILED down, we would interpret the action of Sigma Delta Chi at the Dallas convention—seeking the development of a broad organization of journalists on a nationwide basis—as follows:

The alumni, or at least a goodly portion of them, are keenly interested in the fraternity, proud of its past, and desirous that the organization play an increasingly important part in the publishing affairs of tomorrow.

They want the alumni portion of the program enlarged and expanded—so that it will have a nationwide appeal to active journalists. In just what manner and in just what form they are undecided.

They do not want any conflict with the American Newspaper Guild, the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the American Newspaper Publishers Association or any other journalistic organization—rather they would endeavor to be the means of bringing these various groups into harmony in the interests of a better journalism.

And, in so doing, they are seeking to carry on, with increased emphasis, the aims and objectives so ably set forth 27 years ago when the organization was born at De Pauw.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

I'll be as bad a newspaperman as the rest of you. Trouble with you boys is that you all want to write headlines instead of news. The news of this war is that WE WANT TO KEEP OUT OF IT. That's what you want to keep tellin' the folks back home—just tell 'em we ain't lost no steers in this country and we don't want to get into any war with these rustlers."

"Despite his jesting," Vaughn observes, "Will took his task of advising the American people seriously, and he believed that the rest of us who were writing the newspapers ought to do so. He refused to believe that a correspondent should always write with the stringent objectivity demanded by the press associations.

"You got brains," he said. "Tell 'em what you think about it. After all, you're here on the ground and you got a good chance to see what's what."

Having been one of those who admired Will Rogers for his homely, blunt observations on world affairs, we found these comments on and from the cowboy-commentator interesting and hope you do too.

RETURNING to Floyd Gibbons, Vaughn has an amusing little yarn to tell in connection with that fast-speaking headline-hunter.

Gibbons was on the scene when the Shanghai shooting began.

"There had been no essential change in the position of the contending armies for a day or so," Vaughn says, "and Floyd had cabled nothing and apparently had not received telegrams sent him by his office in New York. I did not know this, of course, and returned to our office one day to find this message on our 'incoming cables' spike:

"Gibbons' office says no word from him in 24 hours stop asks we ascertain where he is stop please reply soonest."

"The reply, on the 'outing cables' spike read: 'Gibbons Cathay Hotel lounge stop shall we cover?'"

"We were not asked to cover the story," Vaughan continues, "for I got word to Floyd immediately and apologized for the levity of my colleagues. Gibbons cabled his column of chatter as usual that night and thereafter until the war was over."

AGAIN we're thankful for the story-searching shears of Elmo Scott Watson, of *Publishers' Auxiliary*, for a good yarn. This one, which he got

from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, concerns Artemus Ward. So, in sort of a triple play—*Plain Dealer* to *Publishers' Auxiliary* to *THE QUILL* to you—here it goes:

"One night Artemus Ward was told to visit an important social function and have a story for the next day's *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. He didn't care much for society anyhow, so he stopped on his way to mingle with some friends, forgetting all about the assignment until it was too late to go. He was persuaded by his friends to draw upon his imagination. The next day's *Plain Dealer* had a glowing account of the affair on the first page.

"It was a scoop! Neither of the other papers had a word about it as far as Ward could discover until he found a small item at the bottom of a column which told him that the function had been postponed. Grabbing his hat and coat, Ward left the office. In fact, he left Cleveland.

"Some weeks later he drifted back and was walking down the street when he ran into Colonel Gray, his boss. Gray began to berate him for running away without saying a word. 'Why did you do it?' demanded Gray. 'Well, Colonel, if you must know,' said Ward, 'I couldn't afford to be associated with such an unreliable sheet.'"

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